DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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ANECDOTES OF HENRY BERGH.

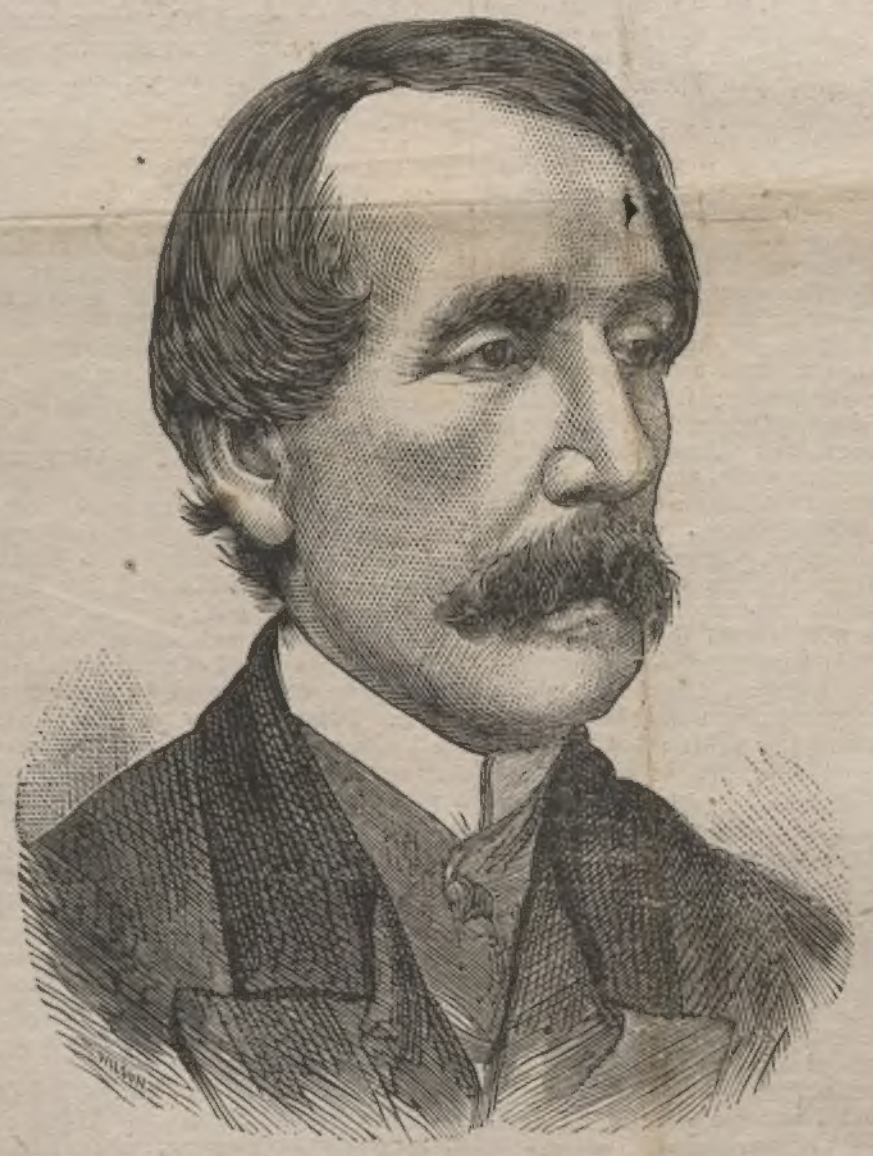
Henry Bergh, the New York philanthropist, says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, discovered his true mission in life in St. Petersburg about the year 1862, when he was secretary of the United States legation. In Russia the common people have or had a profound respect for official position, and Mr. Bergh's footman wore the gold lace that served to distinguish members of the diplomatic corps. One day he interfered in behalf of a donkey that was being cruelly beaten, and made the happy discovery that the owner of the beast, as well as the crowd, stood in awe of the gold lace of his equipage. "At last," he said, "I have found a way to utilize my gold lace, and about the best use that can be made of it." So he formed a society of two for the protection of dumb animals, his coachman as executive officer sympathizing in the work to the extent of the wages paid him. During his daily drives, if Mr. Bergh saw an animal in the toils of a "cruelist," he would order his coachman to take the human brute into a side street and give him a regular "blowing up." This and the gold lace always had the desired effect; though, so far as Mr. Bergh could understand, his coachman might have been reciting poetry in an off handed way.

Mr. Bergh and his wife finding the double windows and large furnaces of St. Petersburg damaging to their health, Mr. Bergh resigned his office and, returning to New York, devoted the remaining portion of his life to the cause of humanity toward the lower animals. In 1866, after the passage of the charter of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and laws by which its principles might be enforced, Mr. Bergh, the President, sallied forth armed with new authority to battle for the dumb animals. His attention was attracted to a brutal driver beating a lame horse with the butt-end of a whip. He tried to reason with the man, who simply laughed in derision and offered to pummel him if he would step into the street. Mr. Bergh went home reflecting that there was a material difference between brute protection in America, where every man felt that he was something of a king, and in Russia where there were gold lace and a submissive peasantry.

In the early days of the movement Mr. Bergh was subjected to constant disappointment, principally through the unfaithfulness of the officers who would not administer the law. His wife, who was a tower of encouragement and a never-failing source of sympathy, once said, when there was no further need of concealing a noble weakness, that her husband had many a night come home so burdened with injury and disappointment that he would go upstairs to his room and have a "jolly good cry." The next morning always found him going forth with new courage to face the rebuffs of another day.

One June morning he met, opposite the city hall of New York, two young men leading a cow and her young calf. The cow's udder was frightfully distended, the calf having been kept from her to make the purchaser think she was a great giver of milk. Mr. Bergh ordered the men to let the calf have suck under penalty of arrest.

"The animals are mine," said the owner, reluctantly obeying.



HENRY BERGH.

"Yes," replied the philanthropist, that may be, but the milk is nature's and belongs to the flourishing little creature that is now drinking it."

He kept the men in the presence of a large crowd till the calf, butting and tugging, and frisking its tail in really ecstasy, had satisfied its hunger. He has often compelled the milking of cows in the street when the udders were unnaturally distended.

One day, a poor emaciated horse fell at Duane street, on Broadway. Before the officer, who went for means to shoot the horse, had returned, Mr. Bergh had procured hay, oats and water for the starving animal, which, after a few hour's rest and feed, was able to get up and walk home.

During the erection of a brick building in Walker street, an inquisitive cat crawled into the large hollow in a girder, supporting the front of the building above the first story, and the workers, either by wicked intent or by accident, walled up the open end, consigning the cat to a lingering death. The masons gave no heed to the animal's cries, and laid tier after tier of the front walls. Two or three days afterward a gentleman who was passing, hearing the piteous cries, learned the cause and sent for Mr. Bergh. The latter called upon the owners of the building, who were unwilling to bear the expense of taking down the walls. "How can you hope," said Mr Bergh, "to prosper in your business with such a crime sealed up in your building. How can you ever enter it without thinking of the cries of this perishing creature? If the walls were built to the cornice, I would still compel you to render justice to humanity. Order these walls taken down at once or I will have you punished by the law." They obeyed, and the cat, after a long fast, was taken out, with three of its nine lives apparently intact.

Through such deeds as these Mr Bergh has made his influence felt in New York city and throughout this continent.

HOW A FAN SAVED A MISSIONARY.

The women of Bulgaria do not wear hats, and when the children in the street saw the missionary's wife and her little girl out walking, they ran after them calling them names and saying, "See these people with pails on their heads!" "For," said the little daughter who herself told me the story, "their pails and baskets have no handles, and are shaped like our hats with wooden brims to hang them up by, their shelves being only wooden slats far enough apart to let the lower part of the pail through."

The Bulgarian children grew bolder and bolder, and at last their leader, a great rough boy, began to throw stones at the missionary's wife.

She had in her hand a fan that would open and shut, a thing unknown in that country. Opening it to its widest extent, she advanced upon the ringleader, and fanned him vigorously. The boy started back, and ran away at his utmost speed, crying in Bulgarian, "No doubt Satan helps these people with baskets on their heads, for that woman made a wind in my face just by shaking a stick at me." And this was the last and only time they were ever stoned in the street.

I wish I had time to tell you of another Bulgarian boy who, before he graduated at school, came to the missionary and asked him if he might go to a village near there, where many were dying of a contagious disease, to tell them about Jesus.

"But you have not finished your school yet," said the minister.

"I know it," he answered, "but I will go and teach them as long as my learning holds out, and then I will come back and get some more knowledge."

So he went to the village, and told them of the Saviour's love, till he too caught the fatal disease. But his last message to his teacher was that he was glad he came, for now he should the sooner see Jesus.—*Child's Paper.*

NEVER NEGLECT one duty under pretence of attending to another. You honor God as much in attending to your calling in a right spirit, as you do when upon your knees, or in his house.

Temperance Department.

PIE, CHEESE, BARLEY.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Farmer Welles came of a good stock—a steady-going, industrious father, a simple-minded, pious mother. He had been brought up in a community where sons of this sort inherit their fathers' habits with the homestead, their consciences with their cattle. As for adopting all kinds of new ideas, that nonsense was for idle townsfolk! They would as soon think of turning their wheat-fields into flower-beds as to try starting any quite new crop of notions—much less did they ever pluck up old ideas by the roots to look at the soil whence they sprung. Farmer Welles was born into this community. In due time he trotted off with a score of other youngsters to the red school-house, where he learned to read and spell, to tease the little girls in long pantalettes and pink sunbonnets, to do exactly the things every boy had done who ever threw paper wads across that room, or had to stay after school to find the least common denominator. Ten years later he was no different from the rest. He too had his prizes in the county fair, his private opinion as to which pretty girl in the light, roomy old church sang the clearest and glanced at him the most attractively. He married her, as everybody knew he would. He carried the farm on when his good old father slipped out of life, and so, by-and-by, Farmer Welles was a middle-aged man, in his rut for all time, as everybody again would have supposed, if all had not taken it too entirely for granted to consider it at all.

Now a queer thing happened. This steady-going man, when he sat down in the sunny old piazza to rest, with his red silk handkerchief over the bald spot on his head, ceased to go to sleep and gently to snore after the manner of his fathers. He began to do this thing we have spoken of—began to pluck up his old time thoughts by the roots and turn them around and around; began to ask for what the French call their "reason for-being." After about a year of this meditation he emerged from under the silk handkerchief, and, before long, made known the result of some of his exercises of mind. We have only to tell of one such disclosure. One lovely day in summer Father Welles harnessed up his strong team and drove into town. It was a busy day there, as he knew it would be; for the farmers all about had brought in their loads of barley and were selling it right on the street, at a dollar a bushel for the best, to the bustling dealers.

"Splendid barley crop this year," said Farmer Jones to him, as they drew up their horses near together. "It is always about the surest thing going."

"Yes, a sure crop," said Farmer Welles, musing until he found a chance to work his way through the crowded street to the post-office.

Half the farmers in the county seemed to be there with their loaded wagons. Barley, barley, barley, there was nothing else in the air but the talk of that between buyers and sellers. He had his business in town as well as the rest, and as the day went on he felt a healthy man's hunger, and betook himself to a neat bakery where, by past experience, he knew he could find great wedges of pie and generous slices of cheese. There were a dozen other farmers there, all of them eating with the best of appetites. At last, however, one said:

"How do you come on, Welles? I did not see anything of your load."

"Oh, I cleared more this morning than I ever did in my life before."

"How was that?"

"I cleared my conscience."

"Hey?" said the other vaguely. "Whereabouts on your farm did you raise your barley this year, not to the south where you used to? I looked there for it."

"You did not see it, did you? Well, I will tell you, Wilson, how it was with me this year, if you will take two or three minutes to listen," said Farmer Welles, pushing back his plate, 'and when I get through if you would like to remark that I am crazy' just do it; only it won't be original with any of you. I have heard it from my neighbors on all sides.

"When I was turning over in my mind how much barley I would raise this year and telling my wife what a sure and profitable crop it had always proved (I reckon I have raised more than the most of you), I went off in a sort of a dream, the very prettiest to begin with that a farmer could fall into. I saw acres of splendid barley waving and nodding in the breeze, the sun shining brightly, the sky clear. I was leaning over a fence, calculating how many bushels to an acre and how many dollars to the whole there would be when such a day as this should come around. I was saying, as we all do, 'It is a sure crop, a sure crop.'

"Suddenly I dropped right out of that sweet country air and sunshine into darkness, full of the smell of filth and rags. Instead of the bleating of my sheep over in the cool flats, I heard men cursing God and damning one another. I heard the evil talk of creatures looking as if once they had been women but now herded in with them. One old hag in this underground den was actually keeping shop. She was selling for a few cents the dregs and slops from old lager-beer barrels. I was so amazed I looked over into a pint of the dirty mess, and as it shook in the old mug it framed a picture, like a looking-glass. My barley fields! The waving grain in the sunlight! Me leaning over the fence! Was I really in that den where human beings lived like swine or was I in the country?

"Before I could place myself it was as if some angel or devil took me up and shook me here and there, like a bit of glass in a kaleidoscope, new combinations made with me every moment. Soon I was away up in horrible tenement-houses where sick and starving babies cried for food and blear-eyed mothers gave them sips of beer. I thought of all my cows and longed to give the little children pure milk, when something called from the cup, 'Oh, you have given us drink already. Some of your barley is here. It was a great crop, you know. It went a great way.'

"Then I would be whirled down and into pleasant summer-gardens where everything was sweet and clean again. There bright young men with steady hands would be sitting before harmless 'schooners' of beer, and all would seem well enough until right behind them would come a picture again. A country home like ours, a good old mother sitting with closed eyes, her Bible in her lap, praying as our mothers used to pray for us—for our deliverance from temptation. That was behind. Before, stretching out far ahead, a long row of glasses, glasses, bottles, bottles; beer for a while, then wine, brandy, rum. Out from the 'schooner' would float a shadowy wisp of barley, would seem to beckon, as if saying, 'Come on, come on, see where I will end.' Then the mother with the Bible would drop out of the picture, and a drunken wretch with delirium tremens would shout in my ears, 'It was a sure crop, was n't it? Oh, you temperance-talking farmer, you thought you only sowed good, sweet grain in your fields; but this is the crop, your sure crop, nevertheless.'

"It was not pleasant to think about," were the calm, concluding words of Farmer Welles; "and so I did not raise any barley this year for sale on the street. I never shall any more."

"If you don't somebody—everybody else will," said Farmer Bolton, after a minute's silence and looking as if the pie he had eaten had not agreed with him.

"Of course."

"And barley is used for other things than for beer-making,"

"Yes—but I suppose we can dimly imagine what the regular dealers, to whom you sold your barley this morning, want it for, can't we?"

"You have got too much imagination," grumbled another. It really was exasperating for a brother farmer to be illuminating the scene, by turning on new lights after this fashion. When they raised barley they did hard, honest labor. When they sold it, they gave full measure in broad daylight and received hard cash. That was the end of it—or it ought to be—or they wished it to be. Some wished that more heartily than others, according to their consciences or their imaginations, whichever word you chose to apply.

"You have always raised barley yourself," said Mr. Wilson.

"I said I had, and I might be doing it yet, but one day last winter I asked Bill Sykes, the rumseller, to stop selling Ned Howard whiskey after that time he hurt his mother and broke his child's arm. Sykes told me to 'shut up,' that I 'would score up as many drunkards in the Day of Judgment by selling my great crops of barley as he ever did by passing rum and lager over a counter.' They say a word to the wise is sufficient. I don't set up for a Solomon, but I can tell you, I took that word home and pondered on it."

"I call that being righteous overmuch, anyhow you can fix it," said Squire Knowles doggedly. "You might just as well say a gunsmith shall not sell revolvers, because people can commit murder after they have bought them."

A few of the pie-eaters looked relieved, as if their temporary indigestion was passing off.

"I don't tell you that you shall not raise barley," said Farmer Welles serenely, "I was only explaining why I had none to sell myself."

"The more fool you," muttered the squire, taking his departure sullenly.

Two men lingered a little. Each of them shook hands, later, with Farmer Welles. One of them, a well-to-do church-member, said,

"I hate these questionable things! You have made a convert of me—unless I backslide."

The other was a feeble little fellow, whose farm was about as big as a calico-apron, and barley had been his "sure crop" too. He blushed a little and stammered,

"Next year, I sort of guess, I'll put in something else, even if 'tisn't quite so profitable."

As regards the majority of the pie-eaters they did decide that Farmer Welles was a little crazy on just one topic—barley.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

SEE-SAW AND OUT-AND-OUT.

BY J. MCNAIR WRIGHT.

Nathan.—"See-saw! Margery Daw!" There you go, up and down. I don't like teeter much—one's never in the same place. It makes me think of Dirk Newton.

Bob.—Who's he?

Nathan.—Why, you know Dirk, don't you? He's the cooper, and he advertises in the paper by a picture of himself carrying on his back a big barrel. And it's 'most broken his back, too—

Bob.—In the picture?

Nathan.—No. I'll tell you how it is, Dirk makes barrels for a living, and he turns himself into a beer and gin barrel.

Bob.—Why doesn't he join a temperance band?

Nathan.—He told my uncle that he "had been a member of a temperance society, off and on, for fifteen years." He joins and keeps sober for a while, and then he gets drunk and is put out; and so over again. That is why a see-saw makes me think of him.

Bob.—He's no good of a temperance man. Temperance men should be real out-and-outers. I know a fellow who joined a band for looks, and he drinks hard cider on the sly; and another fellow, who joined to get a place, keeps pretending to be sick and getting a doctor to prescribe whiskey for him. When my folks were in Europe they met plenty of people, who were loud temperance here, who drank wine, ale and punch there.

Nathan.—If all temperance folks were hearty out-and-out—not afraid to say and do what they believe—then we should soon get temperance laws and shut up the whiskey shops, my father says.

Bob.—They're afraid of being called fanatics, Nate. My aunt had some medicine put up for one of her children, and she found it had alcohol in it, and she sent for the doctor and asked him to please change the prescription—she did not like alcohol. Some people said she ought to be ashamed to be so fanatical.

Nathan.—I don't believe any of her boys will grow up to be drunkards, though; and if they did, it would hurt worse than hard names.

Bob.—Sometimes people get come up with for being see-saw temperance folks. I know one did, the other day. A young man wanted to get a place for eight hundred dollars a year—that's a big lot of money, isn't it? Well, the gentleman said: "I would give it to you, only I hear you take wine whenever it is offered to you; and another man is after the place who is strict temperance, and really I feel he is a safer man." Then this fellow, who wanted a place dreadful, went to my uncle and asked to be teller in the bank, and my uncle just took his hand and said: "Ben, I will be frank with you. You are in the habit of ordering wine at the restaurant with your dinner, and I can take no teller in this bank except a total abstinence man." That very fellow said to my father yesterday: "Where's the harm in a glass of wine now and then?" And father said: "Ben, it harmed you eight hundred dollars last week, and a thousand this week." So you see he found it was dangerous to be see-saw in temperance. —*Good Times.*

THE RUINED SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

God grant that I may never witness another such a soul-harrowing spectacle!

I had just left the chamber of affliction, a bedside bright with the irradiations of glory, when I was startled in the midst of deep musings by frantic screaming. On hastening up an obscure passage whence the cries proceeded, I observed a human being huddled up in a corner, leaning against a shattered wall—the remnant of an old house in ruins.

She was clad in a ragged gown, besmeared with filth and blood, exposed to the northern blast and drizzling rain; her knotted hair hung wildly over her head, which was partially enveloped in her lap. I discovered, however, a frightful bruise on the left cheek, which had closed the eye above, and a wide gash was under the other, from which the blood was trickling down.

As I gazed upon this wreck of humanity, my heart sunk within me. She was a mother; by her side stood a bare-footed, thinly-attired, half-starved little girl, who, on perceiving my fixed eye, threw her skeleton arms around her parent's neck, and endeavored to screen her from observation, exclaiming in tones most plaintive—

"Oh, don't look at my mother!"

"Why not, my dear child?" I enquired,

"Because," said the poor girl, while crying, "mother is such a drunkard that I am ashamed for any one to look upon her."

"Is your father kind?" I asked.

"He is dead, sir. He threw himself overboard and was drowned, on his way to transportation for a crime which he committed while in a state of drunkenness. We had such a happy home before mother and father took to drinking."

The imbruted parent, on hearing this exposure, struck the innocent child upon the head, which staggered her to the ground, and shouted vociferously—

"I will have more gin! If you don't get some, I will murder you!"

On gently remonstrating with the wretched inebriate on her inhumanity and intemperance, she looked into my face, and stammered forth, from her quivering and blistered lips, sentiments too foul and profane for repetition. With some difficulty I dragged her to her desolated tenement. During the journey I was taunted and jeered at by stony-hearted publicans and their brutal-minded victims, saying—

"There goes Esterbrook with his sweetheart!"

Three days afterward she died in a state of furious delirium, raving for drink! drink! drink! a mass of bloated putrescence, and a soul writhing in agony.

That woman was formerly the superintendent of a Sunday-school, and the daughter of a devoted minister of God's gospel of love, and distinguished for personal and high moral and intellectual attractions. Five years after her marriage with one of the best of men, the domestic hearth was the sacred sanctuary, the mother's knee the holy altar, where the story of a Saviour's love was impressed upon the opening mind of her first-born child. But, alas, the subtle serpent—strong drink—gained access to their earthly Eden, and entwined its iniquitous folds around the sweet endearments of social enjoyment. The blessed Sabbath soon lost all its sacredness, the family altar its rich, pure incense, and home all its sweetness; and depravity, crime, misery, suicide and ignominious death followed in rapid succession.—*Living Epistle.*

THE FOLLOWING is the refrain to a Swiss popular song indicating the estimate—scandalising as it is of English people by their Continental neighbors—

The Swiss will drink whenever they can
Till they are as drunk as an Englishman.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HAVE FAITH IN YOUR CHILDREN.

A lady once told me of a little scene which occurred during her childhood, and, though years of change had come and gone since then, it had left such an impression on her mind that she could never entirely banish it from memory. She was quite a child when it happened, and her mother, a good Christian woman, was yet one of those strict, stern parents who demand and expect, perhaps, too much of their children, forgetting how hard it is, even for us grown children, tried in the rough discipline of life, to submit to our Heavenly Father's will and yield instant and perfect obedience to His laws. But this child was gentle and yielding always. I well remember her mild, amiable manners and sweet disposition when we were children together—ever giving up her own will to that of her parents. Above all, she was perfectly truthful; never had her lips framed a falsehood, or uttered one deceitful word; she had never tried to screen herself when at fault, or to escape the punishment of her childish errors. And her mother knew this—knew that her child had never spoken ought to her but the plain, honest truth.

There came a day at school when it was found that some grevious act of disobedience had willfully been committed by one of the pupils, and, in some strange way, it was traced to this little girl. The teacher accused her; she denied the charge, but the proof seemed strong against her, and the teacher even accompanied her home, carrying the accusation to her mother.

It seems an unnatural thing for a parent to do, yet she accepted the teacher's statement in preference to that of her own child, who had never deceived her, and tried by every means in her power to make the little one confess the fault.

"Mother, mother, I did not do it; won't you believe me?" was all the reply she could obtain. For a long time she sat by the child, pointing out to her the horror of falsehood, and beseeching her to confess that she had committed the error and ask forgiveness. The child's spirit became at last so affected, and her whole little being wrought up to such a state that, she actually confessed herself guilty, and asked forgiveness for a wrong she had never committed! From that moment a feeling of reserve grew up between the mother and child, and, though years have come and gone, and the child is grown up to womanhood, she still remembers that dreadful day; not, however, with any undue blame to her mother, "for," she said, "I know she thought she was doing right."

Oh, what a feeling of forlorn wretchedness must come over a little innocent child when it sees its mother looking with suspicious eyes upon it, and refusing to believe its expressions of innocence!

Oh, mothers! let your children see that you have faith in them; that you can trust them whether near or far away, and it will be to them a cheering thought that will doubly endear to them the sacred name of mother—checking them in temptation's hour, and leading their souls to lofty purposes and noble aspirations.

A mother's love and trusting belief—what a safeguard it has been to many a boy fighting his way in the world! It has helped him to conquer many an enemy, and brightened many an hour of struggle and sadness to know that a loving, praying mother has faith in her absent boy. A mother's trust has kept many a daughter's feet from straying, and bound their hearts together in affectionate sympathy and confidence until death alone has broken the tie, and then was left the sweet influence of a devoted life as a guiding star.

Mothers, have faith in your children! —*Sarah Keables Hunt, in Phrenological Journal.*

A CHEERFUL ROOM.

The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room can not be cheerful; and it is as unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it; neither will people. Nobody knows, or ever will know how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms.

"Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade thrown up to the top of the window. Whoever is fortunate enough to have a south-east or south-west corner room may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her door.

Second on my list of essentials for a cheerful room I put—color. Many a room that would otherwise be charming is expressionless and tame for want of bright colors. Don't be afraid of red. It is the kindling and inspiring of colors. No room can be perfect without a good deal of it. All the shades of scarlet or crimson are good. In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair-cover, in a pin-cushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book, everywhere you put it, it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure.

Next to red comes yellow; this must be used very sparingly. No bouquet of flowers is complete without a little touch of yellow; and no room is as gay without yellow as with it. But a bouquet in which yellow predominates is ugly; the colors of all the other flowers are killed by it; and a room which has one grain too much of yellow in it is hopelessly ruined. I have seen the whole expression of one side of a room altered, improved, toned up, by the taking out of two or three bright yellow leaves from a big sheaf of sumacs and ferns. The best and safest color for walls is a delicate cream color. When I say best and safest, I mean the best background for bright colors and for pictures, and the color which is least in danger of disagreeing with anything you may want to put upon it. So also with floors; the safest and best tint is a neutral gray. Above all things, avoid bright colors in a carpet. In rugs, to lay down on a plain gray, or on a dark-brown floor, the brighter the colors the better. The rugs are only so many distinct pictures thrown up into relief here and there by the under-tint of gray or brown. But a pattern either set or otherwise, of bright colors journeying up and down, back and forth, breadth after breadth, on a floor, is always and forever ugly.

Third on my list of essentials for making rooms cosy, cheerful and beautiful come books and pictures. Here some persons will cry out: "But books and pictures cost a great deal of money. Yes, books do cost money, and so do pictures; but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; and if people really want books, it is astonishing how many they contrive to get together, in a few years without pinching themselves very seriously in other directions.

As for pictures costing money, how much or how little they cost depends on what sort of pictures you buy. As I said before, you can buy for six shillings a good heliotype (which is to all the intents and purposes as good as an engraving) of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas.

Fourth on my list of essentials for a cosy, cheerful room, I put order. There is an apparent disorder which is not disorderly; and there is an apparent order, which is only a witness to the fact that things are never used. I do not know how better to state he golden mean on this point than to tell the story of an old temple which was once discovered, bearing on three of its sides this inscription: "Be bold." On the fourth side was the inscription, "Be not too bold."

I think it would be well written on three sides of a room: "Be orderly." On the fourth side: "But don't be too orderly."—*St. Nicholas.*

FALSE GENTILITY.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must need live in some fashionable state, to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial, genteel world, of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for the front seats, in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble, self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in the ruin.—*Christian at Work.*

FRICASSEED CHICKEN.—Cut up two chickens weighing two and a half pounds each. See that they are neatly jointed, not torn and mangled. Sprinkle the pieces with two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful cayenne pepper, half a teaspoonful mace, one-third of a grated nutmeg. Put one pint cold water into a kettle, lay in the chickens, skin side down. Slice one onion over them, cover closely, and let them simmer until done. Then take out the chickens piece by piece with a fork; arrange neatly on a platter, and set it where they will keep hot while the gravy is being made, there should be nearly a pint of it in the kettle. Rub one and a half ounce of flour into two ounces of butter very smoothly; add a few drops of the broth if needed to soften and make them rub smooth and free from lumps. When very smooth stir it into the gravy, and let it boil two or three minutes, stirring constantly; then pour in two gills of cream. Meanwhile the yolks of four eggs should be beaten very light. As soon as the cream which has been added to the gravy boils up pour all the gravy over the well-beaten yolks; return instantly to the kettle; let it get again thoroughly hot, without boiling, and pour at once over the hot chickens, and serve instantly.

ANOTHER EXCELLENT FRICASSEE.—Cut up two chickens, neatly; lay them skin downward into a kettle; add a grated onion, a very little thyme and sweet marjoram, pepper and salt to taste; cover closely, and let them simmer, not boil, until tender; then take up; keep hot. Rub three even teaspoonfuls of flour very smooth into a piece of butter as big as a large egg, and stir into the gravy, and if relished sprinkle in a little mace and cayenne pepper. When it has simmered enough to cook the flour, pour in a gill and a half of rich sweet cream; simmer a moment or two, and add the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Pour over the hot chickens, and serve at once. This last part of the fricassee must not be prepared until the rest of the dinner is being put on the table, and should be made with great care, as directed, to prevent its curdling.

MINUTE PUDDING.—Put a pint of milk properly salted into a clean quart stewpan; have ready a basin of flour; as soon as the milk boils take some flour in the left hand and let it fall lightly into the milk, (which must be kept boiling fast the whole time,) stir without ceasing, adding flour until it is about the consistency of porridge, then let it boil a few minutes longer, still keeping it stirred. Turn it out on a hot dish, stick pieces of butter all over it, sprinkle sugar, and grate some nutmeg, when the butter and sugar will melt and mingle, and, running all over and around it, form a delicious sauce. Do not be too sparing of the butter and sugar, and the cook need not be discouraged if she does not succeed in her first attempt, as experience alone can teach her how to sprinkle the flour in properly. If it is not done very lightly, lumps of uncooked flour will be the result. It may be flavored with vanilla.

BAKED ONIONS.—This method is strongly commended: peel ten large onions without breaking the layers; boil them for half an hour in well-salted boiling water, and drain them; when cool enough to handle cut a half-inch slice from the top of each, and take out a teaspoonful of the middle part; chop these pieces fine, mix them with half a cupful of stale bread-crumbs, a salt-spoonful of salt, quarter of that quantity of pepper, and the yolk of a raw egg; use this forcemeat to stuff the onions, lay them on a baking dish, brush them with the white of the egg beaten a little, dust them with fine bread crumbs, and bake them slowly for forty minutes. Serve hot.

ROAST DUCK.—Ducks are dressed and stuffed with a stuffing of mashed potatoes and onions in equal proportions, seasoned with butter, pepper, sage and salt. Young ducks should roast from twenty-five to thirty minutes; full-grown for an hour or more, with frequent basting. Some prefer them underdone, served very hot, but thorough cooking will prove more generally palatable. Serve with currant jelly, apple-sauce and green peas. If old, parboil before roasting. Place the remains of a cold roast duck in a stew pan, with a pint of gravy and a little sage, cover closely and let it simmer for half an hour; add a pint of boiled green peas, stew a few minutes, remove to a dish, and pour over it the gravy and peas.

TO SOFTEN WATER.—An exchange says that hard water (we have not tried it) is rendered very soft and pure, rivalling distilled water, by merely boiling a two-ounce phial in a kettleful of water. The carbonate of lime and any impurities will be found adhering to the phial. The water boils much quicker at the same time.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My whole, a fruit of Palestine
My greedy second tasted;
My first had hoped on it to dine,
But as the fruit was wasted,
He made a dinner quite as good,
Alas! poor second was his food.

A WORD REBUS.

G

NET

(A cap or hood.)

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a tangle, and leave a horse. 2. Behead pleasing and leave a necessity of life. 3. Behead a fruit, and leave to exist. 4. Behead closed, and leave a small dwelling. 5. Behead happy and leave a boy. 6. Behead a stream of water, and leave a bird. 7. Behead a country, and leave another country. 8. Behead a country and leave distress. 9. Behead a river in South Africa, and leave a kind of stove. 10. Behead a cape of North America, and leave a weapon. 11. Behead a gulf on the coast of Africa, and leave a lair of wild beasts. 12. Behead a belt, and leave a number. 13. Behead a hard substance, and leave a sound. 14. Behead not fresh, and leave a story. 15. Behead elevation, and leave a number. 16. Behead a mineral, and leave tardy. 17. Behead an elevation, and leave not well.

A BOUQUET.—(partly Phonetic.)

1. An individual whose chief attention is directed to the adornment of his own person, and the royal beast of the forest.
2. The early day and the warrior's desire.
3. An elevation of land, and one of the hues of the rose.
4. The production of an industrious insect, and a small fruit.
5. A mountain ridge in the United States, and a trailing plant.
6. A principal requisite in the performance of Cinderella.
7. A celebrated artificial division of the Celestial Empire, and an ornament of the garden.
8. A wind instrument of music and one of the most beautiful things in nature.

PHONETIC CHARADES.

1. A young lady; a girl; a swallow; a confused mixture: the whole a river.
2. A pronoun; mother; to put down carefully; German for "yes;" the whole a mountain range.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JUNE 1.

Charade.—Pearl-ash.

Some Portraits in a Picture Gallery.—1. Chaucer. 2. Dryden. 3. Pope. 4. Taylor (Bayard). 5. Holmes (Oliver Wendell). 6. Holland (J. G.). 7. Hood. 9. Burns. 9. Pryor (or Abbott). 10. Southey (Robert). 11. Shelley. 12. Coleridge. 13. Young. 14. Lowell 15. Akenside. 16. Wordsworth. 17. Longfellow. 18. Goldsmith. 19. Harte (Bret). 20. Spenser. 21. Chatterton. 22. De Quincey. 23. Bacon. 24. Bunyan. 25. Churchil. 26. Curtis. 27. Proctor. 28. Landor (Walter Savage). 29. Steele. 30. Tennyson. 31. Willis—*Will is.* 32. Browning. 33. Swift. 34. Cornwall (Barry). 35. Shakspeare. 36. Crabbe. 37. Cook (Eliza). 38. Dickens. 39. Stowe. 40. Lamb. 41. Beecher. 42. Milton. 43. Motherwell. 44. Addison. 45. Howitt (William and Mary)—*Howitz.* 46. Byrant—*B-rye-ant.* 47. Cowper—*Cow-purr.* 48. Gray.

Square Word.—

D I D O
I D E A
D E A R
O A R S

JOHNNY.

A Christian lady had collected a lot of wild street-boys into a class, and was trying to teach them, when one day she noticed that one of them had fallen asleep and began to snore. "He's drunk," said his ragged little companions, laughing. Of course there was no use in trying to do anything with him then, but three days afterward she saw and questioned him.

"Yes, I was drunk; that's a fact," said Johnny, as frank as could be. "I didn't mean to let yer see me, 'cause I kind o' love yer, but I couldn't help it."

"Why, Johnny, you shouldn't say so. You could help it."

"No: yer see I've got so used to it I can't stop."

"Oh, I am so sorry! What was it that ever made you begin to drink?"

"I learnt it when I runned errands for Mike Dooley, down in Willard street. He keeps a liquor store, and he gin me the rum and sugar in the bottoms of the glasses for my pay."

"Johnny, it would be terrible to have you die a drunkard. I can't bear to think of it. Won't you try to give up drinking, if I'll tell you how you can?"

Johnny thought a minute. "I don't b'lieve I could. I've got so used to't, you see. If I go without, I feel so gone here" (putting his hand on his stomach).

There were tears in the gentle teacher's eyes. Johnny looked up and saw them, and was touched. He began to reconsider.

"I—I donno but I'd try if I thought 'twould make you feel better."

"God bless you, Johnny! Do you give me your hand on it, and say you'll stop drinking, honest and true?"

There was a pretty long pause then. Johnny was making a mighty effort. "Yes'm," he said, and he drew a long breath. "I'll promise never to drink no more liquor, for your sake."

"It ought to be for Jesus' sake, Johnny."

"Could he make me keep my promise? You ask him, can't you?"

Hardly sure of the boy's meaning, the question was so unexpected, the teacher nevertheless knelt immediately; Johnny knelt too, and, when she had prayed, he said he guessed he would "ask Him himself"

"Lord Jesus up in heaven, please help a little feller as wants ter be good, and don't never let him drink rum no more. Amen."

That was Johnny's prayer. And he meant it. All his conduct since has proved how truly in earnest the poor little street-boy was when he asked the Lord to help him keep a promise made to his teacher, "'cause he kind o loved her," He is living in a good situation in the country, and bids fair to grow up a conscientious, upright man

Just as a physician feels your pulse and looks at your tongue, to see if you have any disease, so let us think about our hearts and acts and see ff there be any wicked way in us—wicked thoughts, wicked words, wicked deeds—that we need to ask Jesus to cure. We shall all find something wrong, and then we can hurry to Jesus in prayer, feeling sure that when He was so kind in healing the sick bodies of children when He was on earth, He will cure all our wrongs to-day of thought and word and deed.

The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus.
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer;
O, hear the voice of Jesus.

DEE AS A TEACHER.

He was a great splendid dog, whose name was Dee. The boys and girls in Mr. Graham's family loved him almost as much as though he were one of them. He was always with them, and took care of the youngest more faithfully than the older sister did; for she sometimes "forgot" and ran away from the little feet that were trying to follow her; but Dee never forgot.

THE SPARROW HAWK.

One morning all the Graham children got up too early, or went to bed too late the night before, or *something*. Anyway, they were cross; nothing went right: Harry got Arthur's shoes instead of his own, and pulled off one of the buttons, and Arthur said he did it on purpose, and was always doing something to make him late to breakfast, and he wished he would let his things alone. And Harry said he "didn't care," there was no sense in being so cross about such a little thing; and he shouldn't play with Arthur at all that day. The troubles became so serious at last that the mother had to come and quell the riot. After that, though they said no more, they looked crossly at each other, and had an uncomfortable morning. Sure enough, Harry refused to play with Arthur, but wandered away by himself, not enjoying it, however, at all. He missed Arthur as much as that lonesome boy could miss him. Just before noon, as he was trying to get some comfort by tormenting Dee, he managed to roll over the old fellow in such a way as to hurt him. Dee howled—a very unusual noise for him to make, —and, escaping, ran to the other end of the hall. Then mother Graham, who thought she had been very patient, concluded that Harry certainly needed a scolding. She called him into the dining-room, gave him a chair over by the kitchen door, and told him he would better stay there for the rest of the morning, out of trouble; that he seemed bent on doing nothing but making himself and everybody else unhappy: even good, faithful Dee had to have his share of ill-treatment. I am sorry to have to tell you that Arthur, who had followed his brother to the dining-room, was much pleased at this, and thought that Harry had got what he deserved. But there was another who had followed—Dee himself. If he paid any attention to the scolding, you would have supposed that he, too, would have felt that it was no more than justice: but Dee had a forgiving heart. What did he do but walk gravely across the room, passing by Arthur, who tried to coax him to play, and hold up his fore-paw to Harry to shake hands and be friends. This was too much for Harry; he burst out laughing, and it was impossible for both mother and Arthur not to join.

"Good fellow!" said Mrs. Graham, "he wants to show you that when even he has been ill-treated, he can forgive and forget."

"Art," said Harry, after he had shaken hands with the dog, "I did not mean to pull off your shoe-buttons this morning. I honestly didn't know it was your shoe."

"I know it," said Arthur, "and I didn't mean to be so cross about it."

"Neither did I," declared Harry, "let's forgive and forget," and Dee wagged his tail, and the boys shook hands and kissed their mother, and the riot was over.—*The Pansy.*

MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES.

Last week the papers told us how a young workingman of this city found a diamond breast-pin, worth several hundred dollars, in an old trunk which he had purchased out of an ash-cart. On being assured of its value by a jeweller, he refused to consider an offer to sell it till he should have made an effort to find the owner. He was confirmed in this resolution by his parents; his father, a veteran stage-driver, energetically adding, "I don't want it in the house." The pin was ascertained to have been lost by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, and returned to her. When spoken to about a reward, he said, "I don't want any money, but I would like to get my father an easier position, as he is growing old."

We are not attempting to make a hero of young Daniel O'Reilly. Unless we mistake the tone of the above incident, he would be the last to claim any sublimity in his act of "common honesty." And we are happy in believing that such honesty has not yet grown uncommon, or akin to jewels found in ash-heaps or the old disused trunks of the past. We think, however, that there are some little touches in the story, which render it quite an idyl of city life and of the "short and simple annals of the poor." Out of our stony and unsavory streets, it comes like a refreshing whiff of wholesome air. The little glimpse of instinctive honor in the boy, the old man's sturdy terror of the "appearance of evil" or the harboring of a temptation over night, and finally the son's modest declining of a reward for himself, and sudden thought only that here perhaps was a chance for "the old man" to get down from his weather-beaten driver's seat, before rheumatism and old age dethroned him, into a shadier corner and an easier work.

We think it was not Mrs. Vanderbilt, nor Dan O'Reilly, but we and the public who are most enriched by such a "find."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE SPARROW HAWK.

The Sparrow Hawk or little Falcon is a beautiful bird: but, though it is the smallest of the hawks, it is fierce and bold like the large ones. It feeds upon grasshoppers, snakes, mice, lizards, young rabbits, and hares, and small birds. It sometimes sits for an hour or more on a tree or stump in the meadow, waiting to pounce upon the first little animal that shows itself.

THE BEST RECIPE for going through life in an exquisite way with beautiful manner, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness he can get from others.

THE WHIRLIGIG HOUSE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

They were a very young couple, and as soon as they were married they tried to find a place where they could begin housekeeping. After looking about for some time, they found a lovely house, sheltered from the north and open to the south. It was a pleasant, airy spot, and quite sunny, so they decided to move in at once. Every thing went beautifully in the new house until the third day, when, to their great alarm, they woke early in the morning, and found the sun rising in the south. This was very curious, for they had read in their school-books that "if you stand with your face to the south, the sun will rise on your left hand, and set on your right hand." Yet there was the sun rising as plain as could be in front of the house, and they knew the house faced south. However, the sun came up in the most natural manner in the world, went up to the middle of the sky at noon, and went down among some beautiful clouds at night in the north.

Next morning something still more wonderful happened; the young people slept quite late, for the sun rose behind the house, and they did not know it was morning until he was shining brightly.

"My dear," said the husband, "this is very singular. The sun rose in the north, and I suppose it will set in the south."

So it did, for they both watched it go down in front of the house.

"Never mind,' said the wife. I dare say the sun knows the way, and I'm very sleepy. I think I'll go to bed."

Then for a week the sun rose every day in the north, and set in the south, as if it were quite the proper thing to do. Then came a still more wonderful day: the sun rose in the north: but while the family were at dinner in the front parlor, it gave a jump and went clear round to the south, and set at night in the old-fashioned way.

"My love I think the sun behaves in the most surprising manner. I hope there is nothing wrong with it."

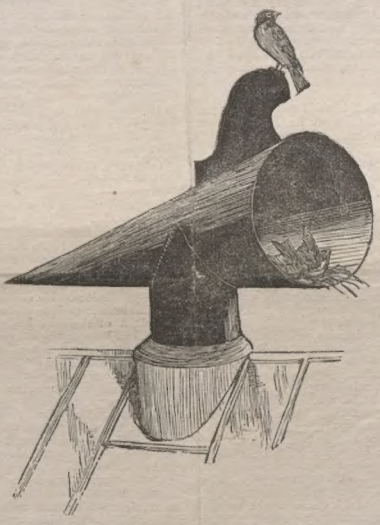
"Oh, I hope not, I'm sure," said she, "for father could not afford to give us a mantel clock for a wedding present, and I have to depend on the sun. It would be very distressing if it should get out of order."

The next morning the sun rose in the west, and before it had been an hour high, it gave a big jump and ran round to the east, and then went calmly in the old way, as if nothing had happened. The young people were, of course, greatly surprised, and were much pleased to see it go down in the west, just as it used to do before it fell into such bad habits.

The next day the little wife went home to see her mother, and told the family all about it. They said it was very strange, but they had not noticed anything wrong with the sun. At night her father went home with her, and when he came in sight of the house, he sat on the fence and laughed so heartily that he nearly fell off. When he went home he told all the folks about it, and they had a good laugh over the young people who went to housekeeping in a *ventilator*.—*Harper's Young People.*

ALDERMAN KELLY.

A young man in London has many temptations. The confidence reposed in him, the want of parental oversight, the attractions of pleasure, the evil example and counsel of fellow-shopmen or others in business, all conspire to try the character of an ardent youth. But Thomas Kelly withstood the snares by which so many are caught. *He was a faithful servant.* For twenty years and two months he remained in one situation without receiving any encouragement beyond a small addition to his salary, till it reached eighty pounds. But the attention he paid to his master's interest was as great as if it had been his own. During the first fifteen years of his service he had no holiday, no offer of a better situation, or a share in the business, yet his fidelity was none the less to his master, and his strict Sabbath-keeping unbroken. We are told that "of all the *young* men of his acquaintance who were so persuasively earnest in their entreaties to him to join them in their Sunday excursions to Gravesend and elsewhere, he frequently averred that he saw the end;" adding emphatically that "*not one of them came to any good.*" While others sought pleasure, Kelly sought profit. On week-evenings he improved his mind by study, and on the Lord's-day his heart by prayer. Let young men be encouraged. "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—*From "Life of Alderman Kelly," by Rev. R. C. Fell, M. A.*



THE YOUNG COUPLE AND THE WHIRLIGIG HOUSE.

ANECDOTE OF ROBERT RAIKES.

"One day," says Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, "as I was going to church, I overtook a soldier just entering the door; this was on a week-day. As I passed him, I said that it gave me pleasure to see that he was going to a place of worship. 'Ah, sir,' said he, 'I may thank *you* for that.' 'Me!' said I—'why, I do not know that I ever saw you before.' 'Sir,' said he, 'when I was a little boy I was indebted to you for my first instruction in my duty. I used to meet you at the morning service in this cathedral, and was one of your Sunday scholars. My father, when he left this city, took me into Berkshire, and put me apprentice to a shoemaker. I used often to think of you. At length I went to London and was there drawn to serve in the Westminster militia. I came to Gloucester last night with a deserter, and took the opportunity of coming this morning to visit the old spot, and in hopes of once more seeing you.'

"He then told me his name, and brought himself to my recollection by a curious circumstance which happened while he was at school. His father was a journeyman currier—a most vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he came one day and told me that his father was wonderfully changed, and that he had left off going to the alehouse on the Sundays. It happened soon after that I met the man in the street, and said to him, 'My dear friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the alehouse on the Sundays; your boy tells me that you now stay at home, and never get tipsy.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I may thank *you* for it.' 'Nay,' said I, 'that is impossible: I do not recollect that I ever spoke to you before.' 'No, sir,' said he; 'but the good instruction you give my boy he brings home to me, and it is *that*, sir, which has induced me to reform my life.'"—*British Workman.*

"WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A little three year-old girl stood at the window one Sunday "watching for papa," who was at church. Soon she spied him coming: and as he entered, she said,—

"Papa, what did Mr. R—preach about this morning?"

Her father replied. "He preached about Jesus."

"Papa, was it *our Jesus*?" she asked.

"Yes," said her father; "it was *our Jesus.*"

The eyes brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and spoke about him to his congregation.

Do you, dear reader, claim this Jesus as *yours*? I hope so, for it is a most blessed thought that every little girl and boy may have him for *their own* Saviour. No matter how much he loves other children, there is room, *ever room* in his affection for *you*, and as many others as will ask him to care for them. "They brought young children to him, ... and he took them up in his arms, and blessed them" (Mark x. 13, 16).

ANECDOTE OF DR. WELSH, THE FATHER OF MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Riding one day on his multifarious business, Dr Welsh noticed a poor wounded partridge fluttering and struggling about, wing or leg, or both, broken by some sportsman's lead. He alighted in his haste, or made the groom alight if he had one, gathered up the poor partridge, looped it gently in his handkerchief, brought it home, and by careful splints and salve, and other treatment, had it soon on wing again, and sent it forth healed. This in so grave and practical a man had always in it fine expressiveness to me."—*Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle.*

The Family Circle.

THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Dear little girl, chiding the morning long,
With pouting lip and eyes all wet and blue,
Counting it as a hardship and a wrong
That other children are more loved than you.

"'Tis so unjust," you say, "and so unkind,"
Bending the while a puzzled, angry brow—
"How can you help it ?"—If you will not mind,
Nor think me cruel, I will tell you how.

Sweet things from sweet, and fair from fair must be,
Hearts have their wages, reckonings strict are made;
We scold, rebel, but other people see
That, soon or late, we are exactly paid.

The willing love which counts not any cost,
But daily lavishes its first and best,
Although to careless eyes its pains seem lost,
Reaps in the end a tenfold interest;

While selfish souls who keep a strict account,
And tally, like a huckster in his stall,
Of all they give and feel, and the amount,
Get back their dues, indeed, but that is all.

Love is not free to take, like sun and air;
Nor given away for naught to any one;
It is no common right for men to share—
Like all things precious, it is sought and won.

So if another is more loved than you,
Say not, "It is unjust," but say, "If she
Has earned more love than I, it is her due;
When I deserve more, it will come to me."

But if your longing be for love indeed,
I'll teach you how to win it—a sure way:
Love and be lovely; that is all you need,
And what you wish for will be yours some day.

—*S. S. Times.*

HOW WE GIRLS HELPED.

(N. Y. Observer.)

PART I.

How could we help? It was like an inspiring strain of music to hear Miss Loring tell about the world's work, and how bravely women and even little children all over our land, from the Great Northern Lakes to the Golden Gates of the Pacific, were helping to carry it on. She was staying at our house, for mother is the President of the Foreign Mission Auxiliary to the great Woman's Board. So it fell out that Prue and I watched her pack the little black trunk that evening, ready for an early start the next morning, to stir up another Society a hundred miles off. We both felt sober. Something in our lives must surely be wrong when there was so much to be done; and we had not even begun.

"I wish you'd stay and set us girls to work!" sighed Prue.

"I'll come back to see what you've done next year," she answered encouragingly.

"But who'll tell us how to begin?" I asked.

"Why not yourselves, little women?" she demanded briskly, shutting the trunk and turning the key.

"Oh!" cried Prue and I together, "we're only school-girls. What do we know about such things?"

She turned down the gas and sat on the trunk for a little chat in the moonlight.

"Girls," she said earnestly, "you don't suspect your own power. Ever since I came into this house yesterday, a perfect stranger, I've been thinking what a great work you two could do. You do not begin to realize your own importance and stewardship in this family and community. Haven't I seen how your opinion makes all the difference in the world? Didn't your mother get up an hour earlier to finish Prue's new dress? Didn't your father go a mile out of his way for fruit to tempt Kitty's appetite? Didn't Harry agree to give up that long-planned geological excursion with his college chums because two little maidens coaxed him so sweetly to escort them to the chestnut picnic on Saturday? More than that, didn't Harry confide to me proudly on the drive over from the station that his two sisters were the prettiest and most popular girls in the village? 'There isn't a fellow in "our set" they could not twist around their little fingers,' he said."

We both laughed a little. It was pleasant to know we were somebodies. But Miss Loring made it seem a sober thought too. In her address she had made such a point of social influence as a talent to be used for the Master, not to be wrapped selfishly in an aimless pleasure-napkin of our own.

Here we sat on the floor at her feet, two black-eyed, gay-hearted twins of fifteen: life stretching out like a beautiful dream, still the real heart-work of the world all unsought. So far, everybody had paid tribute to our whims and ministered tenderly and lavishly to our happiness. Was it not time for us to begin to serve the great, waiting world a little?

"Truly, Miss Loring; what is there for us to do in particular?" pleaded Prue. "Kitty and I give a little money once in a while; and now and then, as a favor to mother, help along in the singing at the Ladies' Missionary Prayer Meeting. But life is just one rush for us school-girls in term time: and then there are music and drawing lessons and compositions and class-meetings and picnics and what-not to fill in all the spare half-hours. By-and-by, when we are young ladies in society, and have more leisure, we'll take our turn."

"Oh, pussies!" she said sadly. "Can you not make a little place for Jesus in your young lives? Is there 'no room in the inn'? Do you ever think how these years, so full of joy and pleasant occupation for girls in Christian America, are dragging your young sisters farther away from the light and hope of the Gospel tidings? The burden of life is pressing hard upon their young shoulders; already some of them are wives and mothers—aye, widows. They drift to the degraded ignorance of Christless womanhood, starving for the knowledge of the truth. We need your help right off—real help, great help, this very year. So many love you, serve you, admire you, follow your lead. Begin now to 'lend a hand!'"

"How?" we asked.

"Gather up the fragments for Christ's sake; help us to save your young sisters across the sea."

"Set up a missionary scrap bag!" cried Prue, with a half-laugh.

But just then I felt a big tear fall on my hand; so that meant business. Prue doesn't start off before she is half ready, as they say I often do; but when she is once roused there's no give-up in her.

"'Lifes move the universe,'" continued the young lady-guest, in her earnest pleading tones. "A word here; a bright thought there; some moments redeemed each day for prayer; a few shillings saved from ribbons and sweets; a little pretty fancy work for sale; one of Prue's clever children's tales, illustrated by Kitty's artist fingers, for *Children's Work*—a missionary paper to stretch the imagination of the literary society in a new channel occasionally. Put your whole heart in the search and watch your chance. The trifles gathered together by you two during all the days and months of the coming year, if blessed by the Master, who can tell what a chain of events may result? Promise me to try, dear girls."

She had made herself very agreeable to us girls during that short visit; we liked to be appreciated and to please; her eloquent words in the afternoon had stirred our youthful sympathies: so we promised.

The next morning, just as we were starting for school, Harry drove Miss Loring off to the train. But her last words to us were—

"Girls, I depend on you about that promise. I wish for this one year you would keep a record against my return. If Providence permit, I'll be back next October to read it."

PART II.

That was the way Prue and I came to start a sort of a diary together. We wrote at the top of the first page for our motto Miss Loring's words:

"*Gather up the fragments.*"

"Many a nickle makes a muckle," says the old Scotch proverb, and it would take so long to write out all the entries in that missionary note-book.

Prue saved several dollars on gloves and neckties and candy. She collected a thousand newspapers and sold them to father to line the mill-boxes in which the woollen goods were shipped. She actually set up a scrap-bag, too, and stopped to pick up every tiny bit of silk or cotton. I laughed at that, but she said it helped her to remember keeping on the look-out all the time. But, of course, rags and waste paper don't count for much. Then she took to reading *Children's Work* to Tiny and Bob, and explaining the pictures. They agreed to put in a penny apiece if she'd buy a pretty red mite-box. And now she has collected a band of twenty children, and they are going to try to raise enough to support a little scholar in one of the mission schools.

I wasn't so good at saving. Somehow, my things always did get lost or torn sooner than Prue's. So I took to making moss-baskets and filling them from my own plants. Eliza, our old nurse, is the housekeeper now at her son-in-law's hotel. She agreed to put them on the table, with the price ticket, and if possible sell them for me. I made over twenty in all. If my flowers had not given out, I could have sold more. Then I painted some panels with vines and flowers and sold them to my friends.

Instead of our birthday party, we got up a stereopticon entertainment. Uncle Henry sent our Harry a fine instrument and a lot of slides from abroad, and he agreed to show off his present to us. Then the ices and cakes and goodies which we usually have for the party answered for the refreshment table. We just took possession of the carriage-house, and though black Sam grumbled a little at turning out all the sleighs and carriages, he did it. Father sent the carpenter from the mills to put up benches for us, and a lot of the girls agreed to come and help us dress the room with evergreens and to wait on the tables.

Harry said, "Whew!" when he counted the money taken in. How proud we felt when we found there was over forty dollars for the mission fund! To be sure two five-dollar gold pieces father put in for our birthday presents from him. That pleased mother most of all, because he never believed much in Foreign Missions. He quoted, "Charity begins at home," to Prue and me when we first talked of this new kind of birthday party. But Prue said, in her quiet way, she "was glad St. Paul didn't stop there, or where would we all have been?" Father laughed and pinched her cheek, and asked: "Was his birthday present to go in the contribution box, too, this year?"

Prue hesitated a little. "He always does give us such lovely presents. Then she said gravely, "Yes!" so, of course, I said, "Yes," too. Prue and I generally do agree, except about favorite colors.

But the very next week we were so glad: for when Deacon Oliver came round for the Church Foreign Missionary collection, instead of the usual ten dollars, father gave him fifty dollars. And when the old man opened his eyes in astonishment, father said: "My little girls must not get ahead of me in giving to the Lord;" and he didn't laugh a bit, but said it as sober as could be.

By-and-by, talking over things and lending the missionary magazines and papers around, almost all our set of girls got interested. So we formed a Circle and held a monthly meeting in the chapel before evening service. At first we were afraid of the sound of our own voices; but we sang hymns and read letters that stirred us up considerably, and somehow those quiet little meetings seemed to help along wonderfully.

Then Harry said "we girls" were growing so wise, it was time the fellows studied up more about the world they were living in, this nineteenth century. So we began a series of missionary sociables from house to house. Somehow, we did not any of us feel in the mood for "the German" that winter. Prue said the fact was, we had cultivated our heels long enough at the expense of our heads. Mother was so glad. Father had insisted on letting us have a good time with the rest, but she never approved of dances.

One night our pastor was calling, and said, somehow, his work was easier that winter. The young people were growing more thoughtful. Prue's eyes shone then, for he looked right over as though he meant us.

There is a good deal of musical talent in the village for a place of its size. So two or three parlor concerts, with a small admission fee, proved a success; and, in one way and another, the Circle raised nearly one hundred dollars. Some of the young gentlemen were honorary members and contributed handsomely. Harry said that was fair enough: if girls could save up on ribbons and candy, it would not hurt their brothers to spend less on cigars and suppers.

But, best of all, last communion six girls in the Circle made a public confession of faith in Christ. That made Prue and me feel sober. One was our great friend—such a gay, clever girl. Harry and his chum joined the church at the same time. Harry talks about studying for the ministry, and perhaps some day he may be a missionary. Father does not like the idea much. He says Harry ought to make his mark in the world with his talents and fine education. But Harry feels that if God honors him with success in winning souls, that will be the highest mark of all.

Miss Loring kept her promise, and came back to visit us again at the end of the year. Mother told her what had grown out of her talk with us twins in the moonlight, and she looked so pleased, and said: "Little workers, I'm proud of you!" But mother shook her head and sighed. I know she thinks we are just like stupid sign-posts, pointing the way to others, but not going the right road ourselves.

But that evening Miss Loring had another chat with Prue and me, all by ourselves upstairs, over our record-book, and now we are both decided to be out-and-out Christians and not be ashamed to show our colors before the world.

She made it seem such a strange, beautiful thing that we—just two young, gay school-girls—could be of so much help in our own little world, and that Christ should have honored our efforts by making them of real use in the advancing of his glorious kingdom.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"MOTHERS OF OUR OWN."

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

In a family where I was visiting recently, a lively little discussion followed the reading aloud of a bright editorial from one of the household newspapers upon "Mother Worship in India." After some learned talk about the hundred and forty distinct "mothers," local deities, in Gujerat alone, which the Brahmins declare to be different forms of Siva's consort, the conversation naturally took a more practical turn as to mothers in general.

A good many different views were expressed as to how far men's lives were really shaped by a mother's influence, and whether, after all, "mother worship" was not really the most natural form of adoration for heathen peoples to fall into.

"I have seen a good deal of the world," said a fine-looking middle-aged man, from the Far West, who was spending a few weeks at his old New England home, "and I have found that most men have tucked away, in some cases, it may be, down in the most remote corner of their hearts, a great tenderness for mother.

"I remember, when I first went to Indiana as a clerk in one of the offices of the Wabash Railway, that John Carpenter, the paymaster, to whom I had letters of introduction, sent me to board with a certain widow who was trying to gain a living for herself, and to educate her children, by taking railway boarders."

"'Mrs. Griswold's husband was killed on our road while on duty as an engineer,' said Mr. Carpenter, as he walked with me across the depot platform. 'She has just taken that large frame house which you see yonder on the corner, and has gone to keeping boarders. She is a good hearted, worthy woman, and we are all anxious to have her succeed. But it is new business for her, and I can see that she already looks tired and discouraged. Perhaps our boys worry her some,' added the paymaster, in his kindly way. 'Tell her you are one of our new men from the East, and that I sent you, and she will make you comfortable, I know.'

"I was an entire stranger in the place and to all the railway boys, and was homesick enough, as, carpet bag in hand, I trudged down the muddy street of the mushroom western city, and presented myself before good Mrs. Griswold. She at once ushered me into the dining-room, and gave me a general introduction to the dozen or fifteen young fellows who were seated about the supper-table. They were good looking,

tidily dressed chaps, some of them Eastern boys, more or less homesick, and all of them seemingly bent upon having all the fun they could get out of anything that came along.

"They gave me a cordial greeting, rather too uproarious, however, I thought; and in a very brief space I was one of them, seated familiarly at the well-stocked table, and answering their many questions. Presently Ed. Slate said to me, 'This is just the gayest old place to board at that we have ever struck. You see there is no "man of the house," and we boys run the shebang to suit ourselves, and just about drive the old lady out of her wits sometimes.

"'Look here, Tyler, it's your turn to drink up the tea milk to-night, and call for more,' continued Slate. 'And, Benjamin, it's your turn to eat up the sugar. You see we make it a point to clear the table at every meal [to me]. Here, Jim, empty the salt-cellar into your pocket, and sing out for some horse radish, which you know she hasn't got!'

"'We always eat horse radish on jelly-cake where I came from,' said Jim, very solemnly, to Mrs. Griswold, when she came in with regrets that there was none in the house, and promised to order some at once. She soon brought in a new supply of milk and sugar and salt, together with a bottle of catsup that Slate straightway poured into a bowl of crackers and milk, and began to eat, to the great bewilderment of the poor widow, who was evidently wondering what would be called for next.

"As I glanced up to Mrs. Griswold's sad, worn face and black dress, I thought of my own widowed mother in our little home far away among the hills of New England, and on whose account, that her comforts might increase as she grew older, I had migrated hither, and wondered what she would do with a rough, thoughtless set of boarders to manage.

"At last, while Mrs. Griswold was tidying the cloth near my plate, for I was a late comer at the table, and while I was trying to repress my laughter at the drollery that was still going on around me, I said to her kindly, 'I am well supplied now, thank you; I won't trouble you any farther.'

"While thus speaking to her, and before the dining-room door had closed behind her, I had made up my mind to remonstrate, in as unassuming and sensible way as I could, with my new fellow-boarders as to their thoughtless, unmanly, and almost cruel treatment of our kind-hearted boarding-mistress. I thought I had better do it here and now while my presence was a novelty to the boys.

"As I glanced around the table, I saw that they were all silently regarding me, and evidently expecting that I would now introduce some new piece of mischief. For a moment my heart failed me, but as my own mother rose again in my mind I gained courage to say pleasantly, 'Now, boys, it's too bad to treat that poor woman in this shabby, unmanly way. Her grief for the loss of her husband, coupled with the hard necessity upon her to start out for the first time in her life to earn her own and her children's living, is trouble enough for her to shoulder at once without being bothered and made game of by her boarders. Besides, such rude conduct is beneath those who are called men. You know there isn't one of you who would hesitate to knock a fellow down who would undertake to insult your own mother as you seem to be in the habit of insulting that poor widow. You don't mean such carryings on as real insults, I know, boys, but they are nothing else, after all. Now, are they?'

"'Well and bravely said,' spoke up Ed. Slate, who had been the ringleader of the mischief. 'I myself was thinking, when I went out from dinner this noon, that if we boys went on like this, day after day, it wouldn't be long before we should be unfit to mingle in civilized society, to say nothing of our unfitness to associate with any true woman. We can have fun enough among ourselves outside, and, for that matter, right here in the house, provided it is decent, and wounds no one.'

"'What Slate says is only right,' said Ned Clayton, one of the more quiet of the boarders, 'I like fun myself as well as any one, but often and often I have thought that we were carrying this thing too far. Mrs. Griswold is not the person to complain, but I do not think that any of us could fail to see how much hurt she has been at times. Now, boys, let's all own up that we have carried this rough play far enough, and let's stop it right here.'

"'Let's call our boarding-house here "The Eastern Boys' Home,"' said Dwight Dorman who, not long since, had left an orderly, Christian home in Connecticut, 'and all try and see how much like our own Eastern homes we can make it. Don't let's say a word, but keep mum, and surprise the good widow with the new order of things.'

"Mother Griswold, as we soon fell into the way of calling her, was indeed surprised by our changed demeanor and quiet ways. She was surprised, too, to see how handy and obliging we made ourselves by giving a lift now and then to some of the heavy work about the house. Did one of us chance to notice an empty water-pail or an empty coal-hod, they were straightway filled. Did we happen to see that her stock of kindlings in the basement was out, when down there blacking our boots, we would presently fall to the pleasant task of splitting up a good supply.

"We got into the habit also of calling at the post-office, and doing other errands for her on our way to and from our depot, shops, and offices. But what pleased Mother Griswold more than all was to see us fix up, when Sunday came, and accompany her to church. We had observed the walk and talk of this church-going Christian woman, and we not only voted that we would be decent and go to church, but that we would insist that our Sunday dinners should wait until afternoon, so that she could remain to the Sunday-school, in which, notwithstanding her many home duties she had a class of young men, composed largely of us, her former rough, Sabbath-desecrating boarders.

"We were amply repaid for our kindness to her, for in sickness or in health she sought our every comfort, and was a mother to us indeed. One day, nearly a year after this new order of things had been brought about, she said to us, 'You young men now seem as if you were my own sons; but I must tell you that at first I thought you to be the most ill-bred boys I ever saw. I was on the point of giving up the house when something—I really don't know what did happen.'

"'We all happened to think that we have mothers of our own, Mother Griswold,' said I, and that was all she ever knew about it."
—*S. S. Times.*

GIVING THANKS.

AFTER DARK.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

Almost invariably, boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a wholesome temperament, a strong intellect and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something in the streets at night different to that which is in the day; something that excites apprehension or creates alarm or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say things at night they would blush to say in daylight.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are from sundown until sunrise. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy, it will not be. It is unnatural that a child should want to go off to play in the dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child has begun to be corrupt. Sometimes for quiet, parents will allow their children to go "round the corner" to play with some other children. Sometimes it is allowed through mere carelessness. We never knew it to fail to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two striking cases in which weak mothers have pleaded for this liberty for their children, and are now reaping the bitter fruits.

Childhood should be trained with the gentleness of love and the firmness of sagacious authority; but whether these are the command of the parent or not, there is one rule absolutely indispensable for the safety and honor of the family—namely, that while the child is small he shall never go off the lot without his parents or some other proper guardian; and that when he grows older, until he comes of age, his parents ought to know where he is every moment of his time and ought to know that he is in bed before eleven o'clock. When this can not be obtained by the exercise of gentleness, it must be obtained by authority. A refractory child may make the house hot if kept in, but better endure eight or ten years of such heat than to have that child ruined, and the family suffer through the remainder of his career.

We have spoken of boys because we do not suppose that any girls of decent families are allowed to be on the streets after dark.

We could enforce this lesson by statements of harrowing cases, if those were necessary. We do earnestly beseech parents who read this article to lay it to heart, to begin to make quiet observation upon the condition of their children at night, to find where they are, and to prepare to answer to God our Heavenly Father for the painstaking care which they give to their children.—*Christian at Work.*

He leads us on
By paths we did not know;
Upward He leads us, though our steps no slow;
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know he leads us on.

A LITTLE boy and girl were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereat she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on a minute and then said:

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie. I am sorry."

The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed and she said:

"Well, if you are sorry, it doesn't hurt me."—*Child's Paper.*

Question Corner.—No. 12.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

133. What was the former name of the city of Hebron?
134. For whom was it named?
135. The inhabitants of what four cities were reduced to perpetual bondage by the order of a victorious general?
136. What strongly fortified city was taken by the Israelites by a mere ceremony?
137. On what mountain did Christ abide all night?
138. At what place was Elymas the sorcerer struck blind?
139. Where is the command, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not"?
140. Name two instances where sailors called upon God to avert a storm.
141. What was the punishment threatened the man who should rebuild the city of Jericho?
142. Where do we find the words, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and unto our God, for he will abundantly pardon"?
143. In what battle was the ark of the covenant taken by the Philistines?
144. How many Philistines did Samson slay with the jaw bone of an ass?

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

1. A place where David defeated the Syrians.
2. An ancestor of Christ.
3. A herdsman of Mesopotamia.
4. A son of Aaron.
5. God of Sennacherib.
6. David's head farmer.
7. David's wine-dresser.
8. Capital of the kingdom of Israel.
9. An ancient musical instrument.
10. An encampment of the Israelites.
11. A city founded by Solomon.
12. An ornament worn by the "daughters of Zion."
13. A king of Moab.
14. A vessel of the tabernacle made from polished brass mirrors which the Hebrew women freely gave to the Lord.
15. A son of Jesse.
16. A city built by Asshur.
17. Prime minister at the court of Darius the Mede.

The initials form the words inscribed upon a plate of gold, which was fastened to the mitre worn by the Jewish high priest.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 10.

109. Mount Sinai: to Moses. Ex. xxv.
110. The life of Hezekiah. 2 Kings xx. 6.
111. Isaiah. 2 Kings xx. 6.
112. Balaam. Num. xxiii. 6.
113. The bones of Elisha restored the Moabite to life. 2 Kings xiii. 21.
114. To Abraham. Gen. xvii. 1. Matt. v. 48.
115. Jonah. Jonah iv. 5, 11.
116. Isaac. Gen. xviii. 10. Samson. Judges xiii. 13. John the Baptist. Luke i. 13. Jesus. Luke i. 28.
117. Samson. Judges xiii. 14. Numbers vi. 2, 5.
118. Peter. Acts x. 9.
119. Daniel. vi. 10.
120. Offering sacrifice himself instead of waiting for Samuel. 1 Sam. xiii. 8, 14.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Heavens. 2, Orion. 3, Light. 4, I Am. 5, Noble. 6, Eloquent. 7, Scripture. 8, Salvation. —*Holiness.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 10.—Alexander George Burr, 12 ac; Maud Armstrong, 11; Janet M. C. Pattison, 11; Annie M. Pattison, 11; Sarah E. Pattison, 11.

To No. 9.—Frederick J. Priest, 11; Maud Armstrong, 10; Minnie Featheringham, 10; Aggie Murdoch, 9; Louie Lloyd, 9.

NOTE.—The order of the questions numbers 111 and 112 in Question Corner No. 10 should be reversed. No. 112 should have been No. 111.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XII.

JUNE 19.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Rabbi, we know that thou art a Teacher come from God."—JOHN 3:2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus the Saviour.

LESSONS.	GOLDEN TEXTS.
I. LUKE 9:51-62—"And Jesus said,"	Luke 9:62.
II. " 10:25-37—"Thou shalt love,"	Lev. 19:18.
III. " 11:37-47—"But do not ye,"	Matt. 23:3.
IV. " 12:13-21—"Take heed,"	Luke 12:15.
V. " 13: 1-9—"Likewise, I say,"	Luke 13:10.
VI. " 13:11-24—"I will arise,"	Luke 15:18.
VII. " 16:19-31—"The wicked,"	Prov. 14:32.
VIII. " 18: 1-14—"Ask, and it shall,"	Luke 11:9.
IX. " 19:11-27—"So then every one,"	Rom. 14:12.
X. " 23:33-46—"And I, if I be,"	John 12:32.
XI. " 24:13-32—"And they said,"	Luke 24:32.

GRACES COMMENDED.

LESSON I. Complete Self-Surrender to Christ.
" II. Love for our Neighbor.
" III. Persistency in Prayer.
" IX. Faithfulness in the use of our Talents.

SINS REBUKED.

LESSON III. Hypocrisy and Vain Pretences.
" IV. Excessive Pursuit of Earthly Things.
" IX. Spiritual Inactivity.

DOCTRINES TAUGHT.

LESSON II. Men every where are my neighbors.
" VII. Future Rewards depend upon Character.
" VIII. God hears Prayer.
" X. Was Crucified,
" XI. JESUS Rose from the Dead
" IX. Will Come Again.

COMFORTS PROCLAIMED.

LESSON V. Jesus seeks the Lost.
" VI. The Father welcomes the Penitent.
" VII. The Poorest have a place in the Kingdom.
" X. Jesus died for Sinners.
" XI. Jesus broke the bars of the grave.

GENERAL QUESTIONS.

LESSON I.

ANALYSIS.—Jesus sets his face toward Jerusalem—Samaritan village refuses to receive him—James and John desire to punish it—Jesus' rebuke—Different classes of men offer to follow Christ.

Personal Examination.—Have you learned to give your heart to Jesus without reserve?

LESSON II.

ANALYSIS.—A lawyer asks what he should do to inherit eternal life—Is referred to the Scriptures—Asks again who his neighbor was—Jesus answers by the parable of the Good Samaritan, who finding a Jew bruised and helpless renders him sympathy and assistance.

Personal Examination.—Are you trying to have feelings of love for all men?

LESSON III.

ANALYSIS.—Jesus dines with a Pharisee—His surprise at Jesus' neglect to wash his hands—Rebuke of the empty formalism of the Pharisees, their pride, hypocrisy and selfishness.

Personal Examination.—Do you love God sincerely and with all your heart?

LESSON IV.

ANALYSIS.—Jesus asked to arbitrate a dispute about property—Warns against covetousness—Relates parable of the Rich Fool who was prosperous, built large barns but was unable to put off death and unfit to meet God.

Personal Examination.—Are you trying to secure the durable possessions of the kingdom of heaven?

LESSON V.

ANALYSIS.—Jesus blamed for keeping company with publicans and sinners, tells the mission of his life in two parables and shows the dignity in the sight of God of the poorest and most sinful: (1.) A lost sheep is sought, found and rejoiced over. (2.) A lost coin is sought, found and rejoiced over.

Personal Examination.—Have you felt your need of a Saviour.

LESSON VI.

ANALYSIS.—A parable: A son demands his inheritance—Leaves his home—Loses his character—Spends his money—Beggared and starving thinks of the plenty in his father's house—Returns home deeply sorry for his sins and is welcomed by his father.

Personal Examination.—Do you depend for forgiveness upon the free grace of God?

LESSON VII.

ANALYSIS.—A parable: A rich man enjoying luxury and Lazarus lying at his gate in poverty and distress. Death comes—The scene is changed—The rich man is suffering in hell—Lazarus is in heaven.

Personal Examination.—Are you prepared to meet God in judgment?

LESSON VIII.

ANALYSIS.—Two parables: (1.) A widow presents her case to an unjust judge, gains his ear by her urgency. So, urgent prayer avails with God.—(2.) Two men pray. One vaunts his goodness and virtuous deeds. The other begs mercy upon himself as a sinner.

Personal Examination.—Do you pray often, earnestly and humbly?

LESSON IX.

ANALYSIS.—A parable: A husbandman going off confides trusts to his servants. On his return he demands an account. Two report a faithful use of the pounds. The third did not use his at all.

Personal Examination.—Are you making the best use of your talents?

LESSON X.

ANALYSIS.—Jesus is crucified between two thieves—The soldiers cast lots for his garments—The rulers and people deride—One of the thieves trusts in Christ—Nature sympathizes and the veil of the temple is rent.

Personal Examination.—Are you looking to Jesus for salvation?

LESSON XI.

ANALYSIS.—Two disciples are journeying to Emmaus—They converse about Jesus and the crucifixion—Jesus, risen from the grave, joins them—Shows them from the Scriptures that it behooved him to suffer and die. He is recognized by the disciples.

Personal Examination.—Are you a witness, like the apostles, to others of Jesus' resurrection?

LESSON XIII.

JUNE 26.] [About 28 A. D.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE WORLD

Luke 24: 44-53.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 46, 47.

44. And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me.

45. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures.

46. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day:

47 And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.

48. And ye are witnesses of those things.

49. And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

50. And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

51. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

52. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

53. And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. Amen.

GOLDEN TEXT.—They went forth, and preached every where.—MARK 16: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Gospel must be preached to all nations.

NOTES.—BETHANY, a village on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, from one and a half to two miles from Jerusalem. It was the home of Simon, and here Lazarus and his two sisters lived. Here Lazarus was raised from the dead, and from it Jesus made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. From its vicinity he entered into heaven. Its location is now occupied by twenty Mohammedan hovels.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE COMMISSION TO PREACH. (II.) THE ASCENSION.

I. THE COMMISSION TO PREACH.—(44-49.) AND HE SAID, these words were spoken at one of the appearances of the risen Jesus to the disciples; WHILE I WAS YET, before death had altered the present relations of companionship between Jesus and the disciples; THE LAW OF MOSES, the first five books of the Bible; CONCERNING ME, there is much about Christ in the Old Testament; OPENED THEIR UNDERSTANDING, not only must the Scriptures be expounded, v. 27, but our understandings must be opened also to perceive the truth, Ps. 119: 18; REPENTANCE AND REMISSION, were indissolubly connected in the preaching of the apostles, Acts 2: 38. IN HIS NAME, we are baptized into Christ's name, MAT. 28: 19, and offer prayer in his name, John 14: 13, 14. So also Christ's is the only name by which we can be saved, Acts 4: 12; AT JERUSALEM, that this should be the starting point for the preaching of the gospel had already been indicated in Isaiah 2: 3; WITNESSES OF THESE THINGS, Christ's life, crucifixion and resurrection. The disciples were to tell what they had seen; THE PROMISE, the Holy Ghost, which was poured out on the day of Pentecost, Acts 1: 4; 2: 1-13, ENDUED, clothed.

II. THE ASCENSION.—(50-53.) LED THEM OUT, of Jerusalem; LIFTED UP HIS HANDS, usual gesture of blessing, Lev. 9: 22; CARRIED UP INTO HEAVEN, "a cloud received him out of their sight," Acts 1: 9; WORSHIPPED, they now fully perceived his great glory; GREAT JOY, Christ was merely their forerunner in heaven and had promised to come again, as well as to endue his disciples with the power of the Holy Ghost; PRAISING AND BLESSING GOD, for this glorious termination of the Saviour's earthly career and the promises of which his ascension was the pledge.

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."—Acts 1: 11.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON I.

JULY 3.]

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Exod. 1: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 12-14.

1. Now these are the names of the children of Israel, which came into Egypt; every man and his household came with Jacob.

2. Reuben, Simeon, Levi and Judah,

3. Issachar, Zebulun and Benjamin,

4. Dan and Naphtali, Gad and Asher.

5. And all the souls that came out of the loins of Jacob were seventy souls: for Joseph was in Egypt already.

6. And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation.

7. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.

8. Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.

9. And he said unto his people, Behold the people the children of Israel are more and mightier than we:

10. Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land.

11. Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses.

12. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel.

13. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor:

14. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigor.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage.—Exod. 1: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Sonship does not shut out suffering.

INTRODUCTORY.—Our studies in the Old Testament for the year closed with the promises of God to the chosen family, and one of the steps to their fulfilment in Joseph's elevation to power in Egypt. This quarter we resume the study of God's dealings with his people, their bondage in Egypt, deliverance through Moses, and organization as a theocracy, i. e. government by the immediate direction of God.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice how true God is to his promises; and how the opposition of men is overruled to further his plans.

NOTES.—EXODUS, by profane and sacred writers, is called the book of the Pentateuch—five volumes—written by Moses: contains (1) the history of the Israelites while in Egypt and during their immigration, until (2) the establishment of the Theocracy, which its laws at Mount Sinai.—ISRAEL, prince of God, the name given to Jacob at Penuel; later applied to the Hebrew nation.—EGYPT, the valley of the Nile in the northeastern part of Africa, and one of the most remarkable countries in ancient history, famous for its sphinxes, obelisks and wonderful ruins of temples and tombs. It figures largely in the Bible as the cradle of the people of Israel, and the training school of its great leader Moses. It lies on both sides of the Nile, and in ancient times included the land watered by it, as far as the First Cataract, the Nile in the northeastern part included in Arabia and Libya. The length of the country in a straight line from the Mediterranean to the First Cataract is about 550 miles; its breadth is from 30 to 450 miles, and 'tis entire area is about 212,000 square miles.—Schaff's Bible Dictionary.—REUBEN, SIMEON, LEVI, JUDAH, first four sons of Jacob, by Leah.—ISSACHAR, ZEBULUN, ninth and tenth sons, by Leah.—BENJAMIN, twelfth, by Rachel.—DAN, NAPHTALI, fifth and sixth, by Bilhah, Rachel's maid.—GAD, ASHER, seventh and eighth, by Zilpah, Leah's maid.—JOSEPH, eleventh, by Rachel.—PHARAOH, title of the rulers of Egypt; this one is the generally supposed was Rameses II., and one of its greatest rulers, known as the Sesostris.—PITHOM AND RAAMSES, two cities, either built as treasure cities or depots for provisions by the Israelites, in the eastern border of Goshen, in the northeastern part of Egypt, between the two seas and a pastoral land.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ISRAEL BLESSED BY GOD (II.) ISRAEL OPPRESSED BY PHARAOH.

I. BLESSED BY GOD.—(1-7.) Now, resuming the narrative which ended with the death of Joseph in Genesis; CAME INTO EGYPT, Gen. 46: 8-27; HOUSEHOLD, house, family including the patriarch, husbands, descendants, and all servants whether bond or free. A household often numbered hundreds, see Gen. 14: 14; SOULS, persons, about 70 in all, "many" years after Jacob came into Egypt, aged 130 years; WAXED, became great in numbers and strength.

II. OPPRESSED BY PHARAOH. — (8-14) THERE AROSE UP, God removeth kings, and setteth up kings," Dan. 2: 21; NEW KING, a different race or family than the one whose officer Joseph had been; KNEW NOT, did not appreciate; MORE AND MIGHTIER, "many and mighty beyond us," not actually more than the Egyptians, but yet so numerous as to be deemed dangerously strong; WISELY, craftily; WE MEET THEM UP, &c, Pharaoh feared the loss of so many people with all their possessions; TASKMASTERS, overseers of work; AFFLICT, oppress even to beating—treated as slaves; BURDEN, heavy labor; STORE CITIES, see NOTES; BE MORE.....THE MORE, the more.....so; GREW, "make room," rapidly increased; GRIEVED, chagrined and alarmed; RIGOR, fierceness, cruelty; IN MORTAR, AND IN BRICK, buildings of all kinds are erected; SERVICE IN THE FIELD, not only agricultural labor, but digging ditches, canals, &c.

TEACHINGS: (1.) All died. (2.) Good deeds are forgotten and disregarded by the wicked. (3.) Cruel measures do not accomplish the object aimed at. (4.) The house of bondage is here the house of blessing.

God makes his Jacobs to be prevailing princes, but he confers the honor after a night of wrestling, and accompanies it with a shrunken sinew. So it is, who among us would wish to be deprived of the trials if they are the necessary attendants of spiritual advancement.—Spurgeon.

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